

How glad a sight is in a house  
 This Sunday morn in Spain!  
 Clean fresh clean smooth young brood  
 No children ever, & mother, how  
 Fresh white, except bright hair  
 Set off by beard under smile  
 What no new-shaved father feels;  
 Gladness diffused to all girls;  
 With eyes & ~~wings~~<sup>smile</sup> surrounded shrills  
~~in the~~<sup>in the</sup> ~~lively~~<sup>lively</sup> voice melt.

And neighbours come to walk to Church,  
 Two maidens & one man:  
 Ye fit, ye joy, as all for her,  
 Ye baby sweet as babies;  
 Ye want of a name!

They bear her to her Father's words,  
 Promised by this abegge;  
 And, does she smile or does she weep?—  
 Fond memories will no record keep,  
 And tell the tale at large,

When she in her hours brings a lad

At her side to stand in his upbraids.

When water sprinkled, cross moonless  
Witches to heavenly <sup>opulence</sup>  
pure invisible.

No man can tell me how,

"Wh- stuff?" the ready scupper cries  
Wh- <sup>is</sup> an import-known  
Of mysteries of sin or grace  
May floutify a <sup>an</sup> disgrace  
The man in him shall prove.

That which is born of flesh is flesh,  
And any fool may see  
The growth, development, or rest  
The puny efforts, vulgar arts  
By which he grows in glo.

The way of the spirit, none can tell,  
No how he comes and goes;

In the babe's secret heart and mind  
A knowledge (scars of immortality)  
The light we may spell,

Not what we hear nor what we see,  
Hear & know so well,  
What all the babe his last reserves,  
The babe who loves & fears & never  
But with his last effort doth dwell.